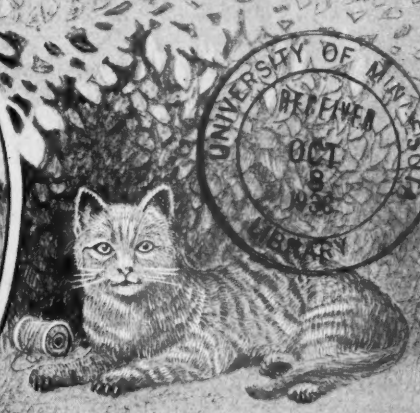


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THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

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THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 63

No.

10

OCTOBER, 1930

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TO THE VOTERS OF MASSACHUSETTS:

At the coming State election, Tuesday, November 4, 1930, you will have a chance to register your opposition to the cruel steel trap as now permitted by the laws of this State. We beg you in the name of humanity to go to the polls on that day and vote

YES

on the Referendum Question making it "a misdemeanor punishable by a fine of fifty dollars for any person to use, set or maintain any trap or other device for the capture of fur-bearing animals which is likely to cause continued suffering to an animal caught therein and which is not designed to kill the animal at once or take it alive unhurt." The Amendment provides for the use of traps to protect against vermin within fifty yards of any building or cultivated land.

Remember to Vote YES on the Trapping Referendum, November 4, and so strengthen the laws against cruelty to animals in Massachusetts.

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM

The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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October, 1930

No. 10

Be sure to read the special Anti-Steel Trap Bill articles on pages 155 and 156.

A society for the protection of animals has been organized in Smyrna—the Smyrna we read about in Paul's travels.

It seems incredible that some 30 states of the Union have an open season for shooting the gentle and beneficial mourning dove. This season occurs in many of the states when birds have eggs or young in the nest. "What fools these mortals be" to kill any of our useful birds!

August twenty-seventh was the anniversary of the signing in 1928 of the Peace Pact in Paris. This day should never be forgotten. It might well be celebrated each year by every nation whose signature it bears. Of such events the world needs constantly to be reminded. The Stars and Stripes were flown from our building that day.

If you were to believe the hunters and trappers and members of the Fish and Game Commission of Massachusetts in their arguments against our Anti-Steel Trap Bill you would take them for the humane people of the state and those of us who are contending for the bill as even providing for the possible killing of children and pet animals and the wholesale destruction of game.

What is one to believe about such a statement as the following from the report of the United States Biological Survey?

"As an indication of the losses due to predatory animals it may be stated that the chairman of the State Live Stock Board of Utah estimates an annual loss in that region amounting to 500,000 sheep and 4,000,000 pounds of wool." (Report for 1918, p. 3).

"This means 1,369 sheep killed by wild animals every day in the year in the state of Utah alone! This is the kind of information a scientifically conducted government bureau is giving out to the public."—Quoted from Secretary of The Emergency Conservation Committee.

Deliberate Misrepresentation by Opponents of Our Anti-Steel Trap Bill

WHAT can more surely cause an entirely false opinion of our Anti-Steel Trap Bill than the following letter to the *Springfield News* written by the editor of the *Fur-Fish-Game*: "At the election in November the voters of Massachusetts will have the opportunity to vote on whether a person may be thrown into jail for trapping even a skunk or a weasel on his own land." This man quotes the first part of our bill and deliberately and intentionally leaves out the provision of the bill which permits the farmer or gardener or land owner to set even the steel trap on his own property to protect his poultry or garden or crops.

Then read this amazing false statement: "The farmers and land owners who wish to have the privilege to trap the animals on their land have threatened to close every foot of private land in Massachusetts to hunters and fishermen or campers if the inimical trapping law is enacted." Who are these farmers and land owners who have made this dreadful threat to scare the hunter and fisherman and camper into voting against our bill? If we were not afraid of being framed by some of the opponents of our bill, we would gladly offer a reward of \$100 for the name and address of any such land owner or farmer who, because of his opposition to our bill, of his own free will and unsolicited, made such a statement before August 12, 1930, the date of this letter from the editor of *Fur-Fish-Game*.

Then against the results determined by careful scientific study see what this man says, "The bill must be defeated because trapping is necessary to keep down the vermin that preys upon our song birds, game and farm poultry." Read what the Mammalogy Society has to say about such an absurd argument. And the poor tax payer he would frighten, for if we miss the enormous (?) sum secured from trappers' licenses in the state our taxes would have to be raised to make up the deficit. Yes, that would be a frightful burden upon the nearly four million people of the Common-

wealth who pay \$75,425,847.23 in taxes. They would miss the vast sum of from \$10,000 to \$15,000 secured from trappers. Over against this small amount think of the tortured creatures of the streams and woods dying in the grip of the trap or clubbed to death by the trapper.

The Professional Humanitarian

THAT'S what we are all liable to become who are engaged in any undertaking which demands practically the whole of our time and service. Those of us particularly who are officers or agents or in any capacity employees of humane societies inevitably, unless constantly on our guard, come to do the tasks of the day as a matter of routine, our sensibilities to suffering growing duller and duller from our increasing contact with suffering animals. Once heart and head and hand joined in our devotion to our work. Little by little the heart slowed down and our vocation became a business regularly paid for at so much a day or week or month. Does not some humane worker feel the truth of these words? Has not many a teacher, preacher or doctor been conscious of this experience? How shall we escape this wretched, unworthy professionalism that shows itself in a score of stereotyped expressions and letters and in our responses to calls made upon us? We are all familiar with the letter we expect to receive from many a charitable society or public official, "Yours of recent date has been received and the matter will be called to the attention of the proper authority." Also, who does not know what that means?

How shall we save ourselves from this calamitous fall from our best to our worst? Only by holding over and over again a serious interview with those nobler counselors within us—justice, sympathy, kindness, honor, the sense of duty—and listening to their voices too often repressed or disregarded while we have been going about our work as if we were running a factory or a business.

Of a distinguished Frenchman it was said he had two heads and no heart. Few of us will ever be credited with more than one head, if even with that, but Heaven forbid that it ever be said, "He has no heart!"

The Circus Seal

MARGARET E. BRUNER

There was a hush—the audience seemed to know

Some feat of super-excellence, was planned,

*And then a voice: "To culminate the show
A seal performs. The cleverest in the land."*

And gliding swiftly to his proper place

*With great dispatch he did as he was told,
But if at times he made a slight grimace*

With bits of meat he quickly was consoled.

Then came the climax when he played upon

A kind of clarinet. (Strange sight to see!)

Did he recall some gleaming icy dawn?

*The notes came clear: "My country 'tis
of thee."*

Then hesitating, fumbling piteously,

He turned his eyes upon his master's face;

*The cue was given. "Sweet land of liberty
Of thee I sing." He finished it with grace.*

The audience was wild in its applause

And with a sound of weird, ironic glee

*The seal responded, clapped his finny paws
And eyed the crowd, it seemed, derisively.*

From the Far East

A READER of *Our Dumb Animals*, seeing an article in these columns entitled "An Animal Inferno," wrote to the secretary of the Singapore S. P. C. A. and recently received the following reply:

Dear Madam:

In reply to your letter of April 10, I am pleased to inform you that conditions at the Singapore Zoo are now greatly improved. The zoo belongs to an Indian animal dealer. This man had a small establishment in the town at one time, and kept his stock in very small cages all cramped up and crowded together. We brought pressure to bear through the authorities, and forced him to shift into the country, where he now has a very large place with plenty of room.

When Sir Percival Phillips visited the zoo, the man had just moved in, but he has since built proper cages for the animals, and large aviaries for the birds. The accommodation is now no worse than at other zoos, in fact it is considerably better than at most.

I personally regard zoos as an abomination, and cannot understand what pleasure is to be derived from seeing animals in captivity, but, until people generally can be educated up to this view, such places as this animal dealer's establishment at Ponggol will continue. I am,

Yours faithfully,

T. L. EVANS,

Hon'y Secretary

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to
Animals, Singapore

...

If you are a voter in Massachusetts, we beg you in the name of humanity to the defenseless to vote this autumn to abolish the steel trap. The chance to vote will appear on the ballot.

Bear Facts—Continued

Victims of Both Trap and Gun Facing Extinction

RAY GWYNN HOGAN

AND then, down in northern New Mexico," continued "Grizzly" Smith, "I worked on a cattle ranch for a couple of years. There was a party of fellers from the East come there to hunt grizzlies and I was elected to be their guide since I knew the country pretty well. About ten miles from camp we come accross an old she-grizzly and two cubs. Two of the fellers took after the old she and the other two took after the cubs that was a squealin' for their ma. Well, they poured about ten pounds of lead in the big 'un and called me to skin her. While I was doin' this they decided to have some fun with the cubs. What all they did, I ain't sure but I looked up just right to see them with a rope about the little feller's neck and another around his feet and the two guys on horses apullin' in different directions! Chokin' him to death! Yes, sir, chokin' him when they all had guns that could'a finished him quick. Well, I got so mad that I ups and quits the job and the last I saw of them was all of 'em workin' over the big one, tryin' to finish skinnin'."

"Did you ever have much trouble with bears killing cattle?" I asked.

"Now I ain't denyin' that bars'll kill cattle, but they wont, as a rule. Some bars just naturally take to killin' for the fun of it, just like some men'll take to stealin'. But not all bars do that, just a few out-laws."

Here was a sound answer from a man that knew, to a question that had long been on controversy. Are bears cattle destroyers? And this man said that all bears should not be judged by the actions of a few, just as all men should not be called thieves simply because one of their number was a robber!

"Lots of things is laid on bars that don't belong to them. Once I was guidin' a party of deer hunters and we came on the carcass of a doe that had been ripped open and the innards eaten. A big bar track beside it caused one of the fellers, who thought he was purty smart in the woods, to say:

"There ya are, another doe gone for a mean grizzly!"

"Yer wrong," says I, and gets down and shows them the tracks of a big mountain lion that had done the killin' and hardly touched the meat and then the bar come along and helped himself to the carcass.

"That's why I say that bars are blamed for lots of things they didn't do. In all my life, I never saw a bar squeeze a man to death! And I never saw a bar show fight unless he was cornered or thought he was cornered by a man!"

And so the hours drifted by with tales of grizzlies enlivening the minutes. His knowledge of their habits and traits seemed boundless and the esteem in which he held them was truly great.

"The funniest thing I ever saw was a bar cub with a old tin bucket wedged over his head. There had been some honey or somethin' in the bucket and the cub in his hurry to get it all out, jammed his head in too far and the bucket stuck! Of all the didoes and

cut-ups that bar did! We finally had to rope him and cut the thing off with shears.

"And the worst thing I ever saw was a big silvertip, they said he weighed about six hundred pounds or thereabouts, that had got caught in a trap. The thing had got him just above the foot on his hind leg and he had chewed his foot off so's he could get loose. We found him several days later about a mile away—dead."

"Did you ever trap bear?" I asked, innocently enough.

Grizzly looked at me scornfully, his deep set eyes fairly glowed as he spoke, "Young feller, I've done some mighty mean things in my life that I reckon I'll have to pay fer later, but I never set a trap fer a bar an' I never put out poison for even a measly coyote! I got a little principle about me!"

And such were the feelings of one Grizzly Smith. His viewpoints, and they must be of some value, for those that knew him had surnamed him "Grizzly" for the one reason that he knew bear and their habits, contradict the general opinion of many today, who, I might say, have never even seen a grizzly in his native haunts!

The great trouble with us today is that we draw our conclusions and judge, often unjustly, before we go into the question thoroughly. One man says, "Grizzly bears are all killers because I just saw one kill a yearling," and we immediately take up the cry and say that grizzly bears are killers. They slaughter yearlings! Is it not a fact?

Conditions in a state are bad, indeed, when the killing and trapping of bear is allowed and conditions will be very sad indeed when the people of those states awaken, as they eventually will and find that no bear longer exist in their forests. Personally, I hope the time will come when trapping will be punished as a crime and the killing of bear be forever closed to sportsmen. But let us not wait until the grizzlies and the blacks are gone. Shall we not get behind these men who have been clamoring for justice for such a time, and enact the necessary legislation forbidding the killing of bear, except in season, and outlawing the trap as an instrument of torture forever?

Let me sound that warning, be it trite and overworked, though ever omnipotent—Remember the buffalo!

(The end)

Good News

WALLA WALLA, WASH., Aug. 9.—The once popular wild west cowboy contests and frontier celebrations with attendant rodeos are in disfavor. This is the opinion of a committee of state and county fair secretaries meeting here to discuss autumn features.

Western motion and talkie pictures are blamed for the demise of the rodeo and roping game. Indian horsemen and gaily painted paraphernalia have been seeking jobs this summer in vain.

The rodeo has been superseded by the radio.

—Chicago Herald and Examiner

The Charge of the Hunters' Brigade

A Parody

EDITH B. MCGINNIS

*Sad their plight, sad their plight,
In their flight onward,
All in the valley of death
In their flight southward.
"Forward the Hunters' Brigade!"
Charge for their guns was made,
Into the valley of death
Flew many hundred.*

*"Forward the Hunters' Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the wild ducks flew
So low they were slaughtered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to fly and die.
Into the valley of death
They fly by the hundred.*

*Shot-guns to right of them,
Shot-guns to left of them,
Shot-guns in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell
Boldly they flew and well
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of Hell.*

*O when will the hunters' glory fade?
And the wild marsh be made
A refuge, I've wondered?
Where the birds fly unafraid
From the terrible Hunters' Brigade
By the hundred.*

More than 125 persons are executed annually by the 40 states retaining capital punishment. Of these the majority are reported as between the ages of 16 and 24.

If you are a voter in Massachusetts, we beg you in the name of humanity to the defenseless to vote this autumn to abolish the steel trap. The chance to vote will appear on the ballot.

Good Hunting

WALTER A. DYER

*Bye Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting
For to get a rabbit skin
To wrap his Baby Bunting in.*

SO, as I recall it, runs the old nursery rhyme. Now I could perhaps justify Daddy Bunting's expedition if I knew that Baby Bunting really needed a rabbit skin to protect him against the cold, or even if the Bunting family were depending on Daddy's gun to provide them with a Sunday dinner, but my experience with mankind leads me to suspect that Daddy Bunting was only making excuses and that his real object in setting forth with his gun and dog was the quest for what he called sport. My sympathies remain with the rabbit.

In the old fenced-in orchard behind my barn, which I use as a pasture for my cow "Dinah," there dwells a small brown cottontail rabbit. I cannot say that I have made friends with him, for he is a wild animal still and he knows that his continued existence depends on alertness, but he seems to have learned that he need not become terrified at my approach. He seems to possess wise discrimination in such matters. He evidently has not the slightest fear of huge Dinah. Indeed, they appear to have struck up a sort of silent comradeship out there in the pasture, together with the starlings who pick flies off Dinah's back. But let my dog "Shagbark" show his tousled head around the corner of the barn and Brer Rabbit disappears as if by magic into one of his many retreats in the old stone wall. He allows me to come within ten paces of him and then gives the earth a sharp pat with his hind feet and scuttles away to a safer distance, saluting me with his snowy shirt-tail.

Wild life on my farm is rare enough to cause me to value it highly. The mere presence of my dog is sufficient to keep woodchucks and rabbits at a safe distance from the gardens; only occasionally have they done any damage worth mentioning. Knowing that they share these acres with me gives me a peculiar sense of satisfaction. It is something like the satisfaction of real-

izing that little children are not afraid of one. I like the sense of their furtive nearness. I like to find the unmistakable tracks of Molly Cottontail on the snow near the house on a winter morning, together with those of deer mice and blue jays, and to know that they have paid me a visit at dawn. And I like to stop for a moment in my tasks and watch Brer Rabbit sitting like a little bronze statue on the ground behind my barn. Last evening as I saw him sitting there the westerling sun was shining through his long, delicate ears and they glowed like red flower petals or the maple leaves of October.

I live in a hunting country and I am accustomed to seeing men and boys go past the house with their guns in the hunting season. The quail are about gone from these parts, but there are a few grouse and pheasants and woodcock in our woods, and for a brief period in the fall there are liquid-eyed deer to be slaughtered if you have the heart for that sort of thing.

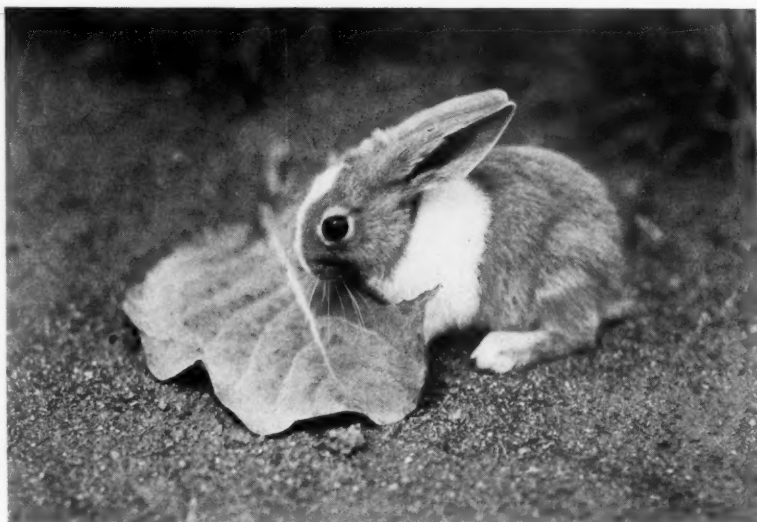
On one or two occasions I have ventured to ask one of these amateur huntsmen if they really enjoyed killing. Almost invariably the answer to this question is that it isn't so much the hunting that lures them as the pleasure of getting out into the woods. Somehow that doesn't ring quite true in my ears, for I know it is quite possible to get out into the woods without a gun and enjoy it. I suspect that this is an excuse like Daddy Bunting's and that it is really the "sport" that draws them—the chances of the uncertain chase, the adventure of bringing down a swift and sagacious creature whose whole purpose is to escape.

I shall not attempt to analyze this unquestionably strong motive in mankind. Very likely it is an inheritance from remote ancestors with whom killing or starving were the only two alternatives. Nor am I inclined to lecture my sport-loving friends or to impose my standards on them. I only know that for me a live and happy rabbit is a vastly more interesting thing than a dead or frightened one.

If you must bring back a trophy of the chase, why not hunt with a camera instead of a gun? The hazards and chances of the game are even greater, since it is more difficult to get a good photograph than a corpse. But for my part I find even the camera hampering. I would rather watch.

For I love to go hunting as well as the next man, though it is bloodless hunting. When my dog unexpectedly flushes a partridge in our woods, and the bird goes zooming off among the branches, I can become just as excited as if I had a gun to bring to my shoulder and shoot. I would rather stay quiet on the chance of seeing him again, perhaps strutting with widespread tail in some bosky glade, or amazing me with the unnerving swiftness with which he navigates the woodland tangle above. To one who hunts without a gun there is always the chance of coming upon some bit of wild life in the woods and fields.

Life! God-given life! The world is full of it and it is the most marvelous thing in the world. To destroy this life, to make any small part of this wonderful world lifeless for mere "sport" is to me like going out



"LIFE—THE MOST MARVELOUS THING IN THE WORLD"

into the garden and ruthlessly mowing down the delphiniums and asters.

I hunt the woodchucks that make their underground homes in my meadows. I stealthily stalk them and triumph when I catch them unawares. I hunt the squirrels that harvest my hickory nuts and the little chipmunks that live under the shed. I hunt the catbirds that nest in the alders down by the brook and the shy cuckoo that hides in the lower woods. But I hunt them only with my eyes.

When next the rabbit hunters pass by my house with their guns and their khaki coats, I shall not argue with them, but I shall not tell them about the little brown chap that lives behind my barn. I want to hunt him myself.

The Reward

ABERNETHY BROWN

Do you hear the happy patter of a million little feet?

Do you see the silken swirl of wings against the sky?

Do you sense the mingled murmurs from the trail or crowded street,

Where the millions you have rescued hurry by?

Plodding feet of hucksters' horses beat the measure of the song,

Wearied dogs and homeless tabbies lead the way,

As they come before the people who have labored for them long—

Who have been their benefactors night and day.

And for those who did the saving, did the binding, brought the food,

Write this message of the Master, fair and free,

As He said to other peoples when He taught them to be good—

"As ye do it to these weak ones, so ye do it unto Me."

"Be Kind to Animals" Week, April 20-25; Humane Sunday, April 19, 1931.



YOUNG CATBIRDS SITTING STILL AND TRYING TO IMITATE SOME INANIMATE THING TO AVOID BEING SEEN

The Catbirds on Our Farm

ALVIN M. PETERSON

Photographs by the Author

I AM very fond of catbirds, because in addition to being fairly useful and interesting birds, they are wonderful singers.

Then, too, they were among the first birds with which I ever became acquainted. We lived at the time on a farm with a yard well located and suited to the tastes of these birds. The house stood a few rods from the banks of a small brook, and between the house and the creek stood three or four large cottonwoods, two white pines, a number of apple trees, a plum thicket and two long rows of gooseberry bushes. Both the bushes and the creek appealed to the catbirds, and they nested and spent the summer near the house. Their cat-like call and alarm note we often heard when playing beneath the trees or wandering about the bushes. Sometimes, when picking berries, we ran across a nest, and invariably it was either that of a catbird or chipping sparrow.

Now, we again have a place suited to these birds, since the yard and grove have many tangles, thickets and bushes about them. Catbirds always have stopped off near the yard when migrating in the spring, and a few of them have visited us after the nesting season to enjoy our berries and bird-bath. Not until two years ago, however, did a pair decide to nest in a thicket

west of the house. The birds arrived late in April and at once began living in and about the thicket. They sometimes visited the bird-bath and investigated the vines off



NEST AND EGGS OF THE CATBIRD

the porch. The male, especially, seemed interested in the vines, and many a morning we were awakened by his rollicking, varied and almost comical song. His song was so loud and had such a queer comic swing that it was the cause of much pleasure and amusement. Often it would die down, as if the songster were moving off, then it would burst forth as loudly as ever. These birds built at least three nests in the thicket this year, and, unless I am mistaken, they raised but a single youngster. There were a good many heavy wind and rain storms that summer, and one nest after the other was blown to the ground and ruined. No sooner, however, was one nest destroyed than the birds started another in some near-by bush. As each new nest was built and eggs laid in it, the male bird advertised the fact by singing more freely and with greater abandon than at other times.

On the fifth day of May, last spring, the birds returned from their southern winter home, and we were delighted to hear their call notes and to catch glimpses of their dark gray suits about the bushes in the thicket, where they had previously nested. Then, for many days, the birds hovered about the thicket, feasted, sang, visited the bird-bath and examined the vines off the porch. I was sure they were going to nest in the thicket, and sure enough, one day, I noticed that the female was busy carrying grass, weeds, straw and other materials to it. She edged about and seemed suspicious, and tried her best to keep out of my sight, dodging behind the bushes and keeping near the ground. By watching her carefully, I discovered the location of the nest, which was being built in a bush a rod from the drive. I was able to get a good look at both

the nest and bird whenever I used the road. On the 22nd day of the month it seemed ready for use, and the mother, I noticed, was on it as I passed on my way to town. A few days later the mother began spending most of her time on the nest, and I was sure it held four or five dark greenish-blue eggs. I did not dare to go near it to see what it held for fear of alarming the owners and causing them to desert it. Instead, I was content to glance casually that way and to keep watch of affairs at a distance.

One day the children came excitedly in to tell me that they had seen the mother carrying eggs from the nest. As it was not hatching time, I was sure something had frightened the birds and caused them to abandon their nest. The children maintained they had not been near the nest, so I decided to continue watching things from a distance. A day or so later I was relieved to find the bird on her nest as usual. Not until the eggs were about due to hatch did I venture near the bush for a look at the nest. I found that it held but two eggs. I concluded that the other eggs had been accidentally broken in some way, and that the mother had been carrying the shells away the day the children told me they had seen her carrying eggs from the nest.

The young birds made their appearance the second week in June. A few days later I noticed that the nest was tipped to one side and was about to fall to the ground. When I reached it, I found that it held but one young bird; the other I found dead on the ground. I straightened and propped up the nest as best I could and thus saved the life of the last youngster. Catbirds and thrashers frequently nest in berry bushes, but unless the bushes are very large, with many shoots, they seem to have much trouble anchoring the nests properly.

Remember the American Humane Education Society when making your will.

If you are a voter in Massachusetts, we beg you in the name of humanity to the defenseless to vote this autumn to abolish the steel trap. The chance to vote will appear on the ballot.

Friends of the Morning

J. LILIAN VANDEVERF in *Boston Globe*

I **W**OULD never have met them if I hadn't begun to walk. The fit of a new dress and the horrible truth told me by the scales had shocked me into honest effort, so every morning found me trudging resolutely from Brookline to Boston. Naturally I expected only the ordinary traffic of the city streets, and the quiet of the early morning.

Then they popped up all along my way, these Cronies, to cheer my walk. They are not mere passers-by, but friends who meet me regularly, and make me forget the leagues of pavement.

First is the florist's kitten. The shop is usually being opened for the day as I pass, and she comes flying out, glad to be alive, and ready for any frolic that may offer. She dresses in satiny black, with modish lingerie touches of white at throat and wrist. She is quite evidently a frivolous and light-minded kitten, but I can't help chuckling at the charm of her pertness.

Then there is the bachelor cat who is usually stepping sedately from the nearby grocery to pay his respects to the irresponsible one. He wears the correct striped gray prescribed for morning calls, with the whitest of white vests.

A bit farther on is a green-eyed charmer who lurks under the hedge and casts sinister glances at the rusty sparrows. They sit in the top of a bush and exchange ribald comment on her boldness, and defy her to catch them.

On a lawn above street level sits a young German shepherd dog. He views the pedestrians with becoming dignity. Stray mongrels trotting past stop to chat, but at one glimpse of his bored expression they scurry on, puzzled.

Where a delicatessen fills a triangular corner, a great orange cat lies dozing in the sun. He is inconceivably dirty. He has a head and shoulders like a buffalo bull's and his ears carry the honorable nicks which record his prowess on the field of battle. He has the slouch of the gangster and the leer that goes with it. In some untoward event he lost all his tail except a

scant two inches. This furry stump he carries at a rakish and debonair angle, deliciously incongruous with his underworld bearing. I patted his head once, when he was half asleep, and the look he shot me from one yellow eye made me feel as though I had caressed a racketeer.

I'm past Governor Square now, and here comes my Oriental friend "Chang." He is a portly, puffing, pattering Pekingese, who needs reducing as much as I do. He is not being led. Instead, he is towing his elderly mistress along at a rate which is uncomfortable for her and apoplectic for him. I stop to stroke his silky head. He endures the familiarity for a moment, seizing the chance to get his breath. Then, impatient, he tugs on again, his tiny shoulders braced against the leash, his scrap of pink tongue wagging.

I cross Massachusetts Avenue and then turn into the broad gravel path down the center of Commonwealth Avenue. Am I late or early? No, here he comes! I expect no greeting from him, for I've learned my lesson. This wire-haired terrier refuses all overtures and speaks only to those to whom he has been properly introduced. He is as clean-cut and tailored as his mistress, who swings along behind him, his leash in her hand. His alert air of being on definite business—and none of mine, either, is as marked as his own bearing of poise and purpose.

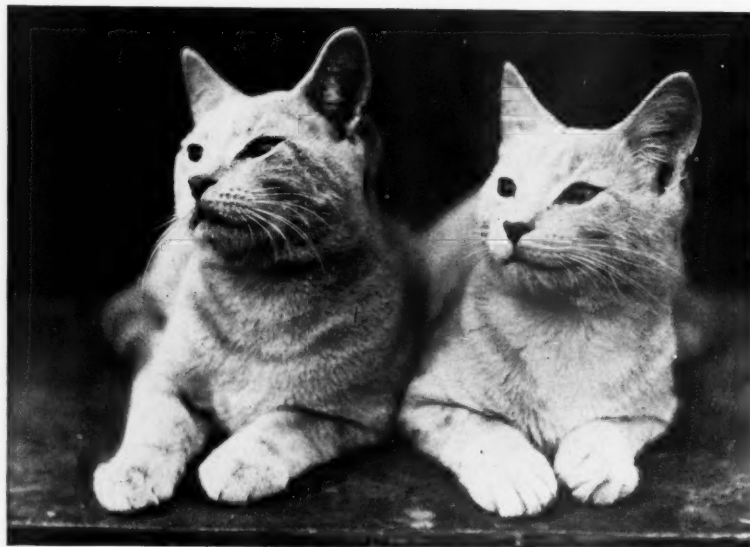
In a tiny grass plot, surrounded by a high iron fence, lies another shepherd dog. He views the divers and sundry canines going by, and then barks loudly. He tells them all that he is master of his small domain, and would not if he could consort with such rabble. Then he lies down again, his eyes wistful, his quivering nose against the fence, every fiber of him aching to be up and away along that broad boulevard in a wild romp with the veriest cur among them.

His bark has caught the ear of my next friend, the Scotch terrier. Whenever he hears or sees another dog "Scotty" promptly sits down. His mistress is too dignified to argue, so he is finally led on, staggering backward on his hind legs, all but choked by the firm pull on his collar. "He will behave this way!" she confides to me in distress. I smile in reply. She interprets my amusement as sympathy, so we're all satisfied, except poor Scotty.

Dashing out of an apartment door come the two playmates, frantic with joy at their freedom. The coach dog is in the lead, as usual. He has the air of one who is quite conscious of distinguished forebears, but too well bred to appear aware of the fact or boast about it.

His chum is the oddest of all my friends. Apparently he is some sort of Irish terrier, about the size of an Airedale, but his coat is silky and gray, the elusive mysterious color of smoke. He is as detached and impersonal as a spirit from some old Irish legend. I know that if I touched him he'd vanish, and I'd have a leprechaun slipping through my fingers.

I watch him making wild and erratic dashes about the sedate coach dog, then the traffic officer steps toward me, and flaps his white mitten in the gesture of authority. Reluctantly I obey. As I go out Exeter Street I look back down the shady path. Never mind! I'll see my friends again tomorrow!



"NOT MERE PASSERS-BY, BUT FRIENDS"

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

OCTOBER, 1930

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

The Dog in the Car

COMPLAINTS have come to us this summer of people who have left their dog shut up in a closed car for hours at a time during some of our hottest days. One enthusiastic dog lover pried open the window of such a car and took the panting dog out for a good breath of fresh air. She further notified a police officer who found the name of the owner, a man who was comfortably listening to the music on the Esplanade.

Again the Sparrow

We never intend to miss a chance to say a good word for the much maligned sparrow. For years we have watched him and known much about him irrespective of what the so-called authorities say. *La Protection des Animaux* says in its last issue: "It is claimed that sparrows destroy the buds of trees when they are opening. This is a great mistake! It is not they who destroy the blossoms of fruit trees, but a certain little insect, the Apfelblutenscher." It is upon the larvae of that insect that, when possible, the sparrow feeds. Who will dare say now that the sparrow should be exterminated?

Still About the Lobster

Mr. E. H. Cooley of the Massachusetts Fisheries Association is quoted as saying: "Throw the live lobster into a kettle of fast-boiling salted water. While this may seem cruel, it is in fact the quickest and most humane method of killing the lobster." That this has been the method used by thousands of people from time immemorial we all know. Like many of our methods of slaughtering our food animals it has been taken for granted, because sanctioned by the past, that it is humane. We have more than once published the statement of those English scientists who after study and experiment reported that the humane way to destroy the lobster is to put it in tepid water, because before the water reaches a temperature that could cause suffering experiments have shown conclusively that the lobster had lost consciousness. We have tried to persuade lobster boilers to use this method and the reply has always been, either "It takes more time," or "We know better," or "We have always done it this way."

John Masefield

THIS poem which follows has nothing to say about animals except the human kind. But John Masefield, now poet laureate of England, has written two poems in one of which a horse, "Right Royal," is the central figure, and in the other "Reynard the Fox." No one reading the first of these poems can fail to discover what the author thinks of such races as mean often death to horse or rider, sometimes death to both. Reading the second, the story of the chase to which the poor fox is subjected, is a veiled attack upon the cruelty of that heartless sport. It is chiefly because we want our readers, many of whom are now perhaps little familiar with Masefield, to know the real heart of the man that we publish these remarkable lines:

A Consecration

"Not of the princes and prelates with periwigged charioteers
Riding triumphantly laured to lap the fat
of years,—
Rather the scorned—the rejected—the men
hemmed in with the spears;

"The men of the tattered battalion which
fights till it dies,
Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din
and the cries,
The men with the broken heads and the
blood running into their eyes.

"Not the be-medaled Commander, beloved
of the throne,
Riding cock-horse to parade when the
bugles are blown,
But the lads who carried the koppie and
cannot be known.

"Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the
tramp of the road,
The slave with the sack on his shoulders
pricked on with the goad,
The man with too weighty a burden, too
weary a load.

"The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man
with the clout,
The chanty man bent at the halliards put-
ting a tune to the shout,
The drowsy man at the wheel, and the tired
lookout.

"Others may sing of the wine and the
wealth and the mirth,
The portly presence of potentates goodly
in girth;—
Mine be the dust and the dross, the dust
and the scum of the earth!

"THEIRS be the music, the color, the glory,
the gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of
mould.
Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in
the rain and the cold—
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my
tale be told. Amen."

Only as reformers realize that punishment, and enforced idleness, and a seven-cent meal, which devitalizes the body and discourages the soul, are not the remedy to deal successfully with our prison population, can we hope for satisfactory results in our difficult undertaking.

GEORGIANNA KENDALL

Faithful Unto Death

READERS of Massachusetts newspapers were shocked last August in reading of the discovery of the body of a young wife in the woods, near Norwood. Her husband had been her destroyer. The discovery was made because her little pet dog "Snowball," standing beside her dead body, had kept up a persistent barking until a passer-by on the highway, attracted by the barking, sought the cause of it. One can scarcely help wondering what went on in the little fellow's brain during those lonely hours he kept his sad vigil.

Three Chicago Women

Few things could more plainly tell of the influence now exerted by the Chicago Humane Society as the result of its leaders' determined, unceasing work than the following from a Chicago daily:

Executive officers of the Chicago Humane Education Society were to sit today with the civil service commission, upon the invitation of Maj. Carlos Ames, president of the body, when it examines applicants for jobs as dog catchers. Among those expected to appear are Mrs. Charlotte L. Hunt, president of the society; Mrs. Julian Baldwin, vice-president; and Miss Flora Ehlman, secretary.

The Chosen S. P. C. A.

We congratulate this Korean Society upon its excellent annual report. Against great odds and with very limited financial means it is steadily making its influence felt upon the character of Korea's people. Through its inspectors of animals, by its watering troughs and its humane educational work it is accomplishing far more good than can be expressed in mere statistics.

The Dog to the Rescue

The *Manchester (England) Evening News* contained some time ago the following:

"Two English tourists whose motor car fell over a precipice in France and was held by a tree, owe their lives to a dog which got out of the car window, climbed to the road from which they had fallen, and attracted the attention of passing travelers. After the rescue the dog became almost uncontrollable with joy." Let us hope that that story will serve to make some motorists a little more careful when they meet with dogs on the roads. After all, motorists, dogs, and pedestrians have an equal right to the use of the roads.

The Shame of Our Prisons

Inmates hand-cuffed to walls and floors of cells—Solitary confinement for days at a time—Dark, ill-ventilated cells—Gun guards always in sight—Silence enforced among prisoners—Two and three men crowded into one cell—Sweat boxes—Lashes—Bloodhounds for escaped convicts.

These are some of the conditions reported upon by our investigators.

Reported by National Society of Penal Information, 1929. William B. Cox, Secretary, 114 East 30th Street, New York.

Remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, *Counselor*
ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*
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MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers	10,763
Cases investigated	627
Animals examined	4,252
Number of prosecutions	15
Number of convictions	15
Horses taken from work	90
Horses humanely put to sleep	58
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,551
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	21,480
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	14

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payment of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

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R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., *Ass't Chief*
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
C. G. HALL, D.V.M.

HARRY L. ALLEN, *Superintendent*

Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR AUGUST

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	628	Cases	1,671
Dogs	440	Dogs	1,334
Cats	177	Cats	310
Birds	5	Birds	21
Horses	5	Horses	3
Monkey	1	Rabbits	2
		Goat	1
Operations	390		
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915			90,053
Dispensary cases			182,789
Total			272,842

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the will of Anna L. Hoag of Chelsea.

September 9, 1930.

Many Horses Watered in August

At the six hydrant water stations maintained on the streets of Boston by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 13,674 horses were relieved of thirst during August. This service will be continued through September as long as the hot weather lasts.

"Be Kind to Animals" Week, April 20-25; Humane Sunday, April 19, 1931.



YOUNG PUPPIES BURIED ALIVE

These four helpless and friendless puppies, less than a week old, were buried alive by a heartless woman. From under the loose earth that had been thrown over them, about a foot in depth, their faint cries were heard by Theodore W. Pearson, of the Mass. S. P. C. A., at Springfield, who, following up leads until he had found the spot where the puppies were buried, quickly dug them up and saved them from a cruel death.

The woman who was charged with cruelty in permitting the little animals to be buried alive, pleaded guilty in court and in consideration of her own six children was given a suspended sentence of one month in the house of correction. "So disturbed by this act of wanton cruelty were the many who learned of it," says Mr. Pearson, "that they came to the S. P. C. A. Shelter or called me on the telephone, offering to give the puppies a good home. The enquirers were relieved after being informed that I had to put the puppies humanely to sleep as they were too young to rear after their two hours of suffering, exhaustion and near starvation."

Monday, November 10, is the Date Fair of Women's Auxiliary to be at Hotel Vendome This Year

A special meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., held September 3, it was voted to change the date of the annual Fair and Hospitality Day to Monday, November 10, 1930, and to hold it at Hotel Vendome, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, instead of at the Society's building as in recent years.

The hours will be from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. In addition to the numerous sales tables there will be a seerss to tell the fortunes of those who would know their future; whist, bridge and five hundred; cafeteria luncheon, tea and supper; musical features and other attractions.

The tables will be in charge of the following: Food, Mrs. Fred B. Kimball, chairman, Miss Fanny Fay Gray, Mrs. Frank Rogers, Miss Josephine Collins, and Mrs. William L. Edwards; candy, Mrs. Charles F. Rowley, chairman, Mrs. Francis H. Rowley, Miss Alice Rowley, and Mrs. Esmond Rowley; aprons, Miss C. C. Olmstead, chairman, Mrs. A. H. Smith, Mrs. Marion Nicholson, and Miss Sarah E. Addie; white elephant, Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, chairman, Mrs. C. R. Cowan, and Mrs. M. E. MacNutt; and household, Mrs. Howard F. Woodward, chairman, and Mrs. George H. Wright.

The cafeteria will be under the direction of Mrs. Edith Washburn Levinstein, chairman, assisted by Mrs. Marion W. Herbertt, Mrs. Guy Richardson, and Mrs. David A. Carrick.

The bridge committee includes Mrs. Arthur W. Hurlburt, chairman, Mrs. Edward C. Brown, Mrs. E. L. Klahre, and Mrs. H. E. Prescott. Mrs. Marion W. Herbertt will be the seerss.

Contributions of funds or articles for sale will be greatly appreciated and may be sent to Mrs. A. J. Furbush, treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston. It is hoped the Fair this year will be the most successful ever.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer
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Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
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Miss Blanche Finley, Richmond, Virginia
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark., Virginia
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The Turkish Minister of Agriculture has asked the Stamboul S. P. C. A., of which our well-known Mrs. A. W. Manning is secretary, and to whose activities so much now being done for animals in Turkey is due, to prepare a complete list of laws for the protection of animals which can be adopted by all the cities of Turkey, and he promises, in co-operation with the Minister of the Interior, to have such laws promulgated.

Tourists who visit Constantinople and all humane residents in that historic city are constantly outraged by the conduct of the Prefect who continues, against protest, to poison all stray dogs, even at times those wearing collars. With a humane society more than willing to put these unfortunates painlessly to sleep, he refuses to listen to its requests to turn the dogs over to it. It is hoped that the protests of foreigners and foreign humane publications will force this stubborn and unprogressive official to abandon this ancient cruelty.

The wealth of a man is the number of things he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by. CARLYLE

International Goodwill

OWEN YOUNG knows what he's talking about when he says there are only two ways to get rid of our surplus as a people whether that surplus be wheat or cotton or anything else. We must either burn it at home or sell it abroad. Burn wheat with people elsewhere starving? Burn cotton with anyone in another land unclothed? Such a fire, he says would start a conflagration America could not stop. Now if Owen Young is right, what are we doing to cultivate the spirit of goodwill and neighborliness with the world about us that would like our surpluses of food and clothing and other necessities of life? Our most selfish impulses should force us to win the nations' goodwill and friendship even if we were pagan enough to have no higher motive.

The Church and War

Lloyd George may have been discredited as a statesman but when he recently told the Congregational Church Council delegates at Bournemouth, England, that the churches could stop the constant preparation for war and actually bring in the day of peace if they really undertook to live up to the teachings of Him they professed to serve, we doubt if any sane person will question the truth of his words. He also said:

"We have got covenants against war, we have got pacts, which we have all signed, that there shall be no more war, and we are spending more preparing for things that we have determined should never happen again. If a drunkard signed a pledge that he would take no more drinks, and you heard he was filling up his cellars with the choicest and most expensive wines and that he was occasionally taking a nip to taste them, you would know he was preparing for another spree. This is the case of armaments in the world. I do not believe in pledges signed in a full cellar."

If you are a voter in Massachusetts, we beg you in the name of humanity to the defenseless to vote this autumn to abolish the steel trap. The chance to vote will appear on the ballot.

A Gracious Tribute

UNDER the title "The Little House Beside the Bridge," the Concord, Mass., Herald contains a beautiful tribute to one of the devoted members of our Society, an unfailing friend of animals. Here in this "Little House" she has kept for years a box which speaks in its own silent way for contributions to our work. From time to time the contents of the box are sent to us. We give in part this testimony in the Herald, written by John Kennedy Lacock:

Battle Lane, Concord, Mass.

The Minute Man statue, located on Battle Lawn, is one of the most famous and widely known pieces of outdoor sculpture in America. On one side of the monument are the familiar words:

*"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."*

For over 15 years The Little House Beside the Bridge has served sight-seers and tourists from all over the world. The genial soul behind a wooden throne, so to speak, has left her imprint on the thousands and thousands of people who have called at her stand. Her kindly and courteous manner; her soft and gentle voice; her straightforward way of dealing with her clientele have endeared her to old and young alike. To have once seen her, to have met her, and to have felt that cordial and wholesome welcome is to earnestly hope and desire to go back again and renew the acquaintance of a friend who "once a friend is always a friend."

The name of this gracious woman is none other than Mrs. Georgie Tanner. In her Little House Beside the Bridge, are kept a complete assortment of guide-books, historic post-cards, souvenirs and other interesting articles too numerous to mention.

Mrs. Tanner has always been a great lover of animals, and in time her entire property is to go to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. To know Mrs. Tanner is to love her. Her spirit is always one of helpfulness and good cheer.



SYRIAN REPRESENTATIVE OF AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY, RIDA HIMADI (CENTER), AT CONFERENCE OF FELLOW-WORKERS IN BAALBEK

All Objections to Trapping Bill Answered

Howard Noble of Anti-Steel-Trap League Replies to Editor of Orange (Mass.) "Enterprise"

YOUR issue of July 25 stated that the Orange Gun Club had gone on record against the Anti-Steel-Trap Bill, which is to be voted on in the November election, for twelve reasons which the story sets forth in detail. May I have space in your paper to correct some of the misstatements made in that article.

Reason 1 says the bill should be defeated by the people because the Legislature defeated it. That is a new theory of government as applied to the Initiative Act, under which this bill is submitted to the people. The Initiative Act was written into our state constitution for the express purpose of giving the people the right to enact measures toward which the Legislature might prove hostile. The Initiative is a safeguard of our democracy. If the people are to accept supinely every act of the Legislature, no matter how reactionary it may prove itself, why was the Initiative put into the constitution?

Reason number 2 says there was no demand for the law until it was created by the societies that are now trying to secure it. Wrong. The demand for such a humane act has existed for years, as thousands of citizens can testify. It was because of this growing demand that the present movement started.

Reason number 3, "Because there is no practical trap available that takes animals alive or kills them upon taking." The official organ of the American Trappers' Association, *Fur-Fish-Game*, declares there are such traps. In the February issue, 1930, it devotes pages to extolling a certain type both editorially and otherwise.

Reason number 4, "Because the thousands of dollars solicited by the Anti-Trap element to force impractical laws upon the people should have been used to alleviate the sufferings of countless old mothers, aged and disabled fathers, and innocent starving children." The answer to this is contained in the answer to reason number 8.

Reason number 5 cites unemployment among thousands of country and village people who might earn money trapping next winter. The humane trapping law will not stop them from trapping. It merely compels the substitution of humane traps for the cruel steel trap. Besides the average income of the 11,443 Massachusetts trappers last year was only about \$5 for the season. To be entirely fair, all the furs taken in Massachusetts last season were reported by only 1,748 trappers. They alone took all the furs, according to the returns, and the average income would be about \$50 per trapper. Not a vital consideration even if all trapping ceased, which would not be the case at all.

Reason number 6 intimates that if this bill passes the farmers and land-owners who wish to trap on their own lands will close every foot of private land in Massachusetts to hunters and fishermen or campers. This is not true. Thousands of farmers are heartily in favor of the proposed law. The threat sounds like propaganda which originated outside of Massachusetts. The rank and file of Massachusetts farmers are above trying to intimidate

their sportsmen friends.

Reason number 7, "Because furs are essential to the health and comfort of America's mothers, wives and daughters, and if trapping is 'outlawed' in America, the trappers and fur dealers of Europe and Asia will benefit." Anyone who has seen a woman wearing a fox scarf on a sweltering hot day will question that statement about furs being essential to the health and comfort of the wearer. Even in winter, furs are not essential in this climate. Trappers don't wear them. They wear woollens. Furs are a luxury, and in extremely cold weather a comfort, but not a necessity. The proposed law relates to Massachusetts, not America. Even if all trapping were to stop in Massachusetts, which this bill does not aim at, the effect on the Asiatic and European fur trade would be precisely nothing.

Reason number 8, "Because the claims of cruelty have been greatly overdrawn by the 'wet-eyed sentimentalists' who practised their sob-stories so they would produce the greatest amount of subscriptions, etc." What does the writer of this out-of-state piece of propaganda adopted by the Orange Gun Club call his own emanation, set forth in

At the Massachusetts State Election, November 4, 1930, every voter will have a chance to help abolish the cruel steel trap in the Old Bay State. The question will appear in the form of the Referendum. We beg you in the name of humanity to the defenseless to be at the polls and vote YES on this important measure, and so strengthen the laws of our State against cruelty to animals.

reason number 4, referring to "countless old mothers, aged and disabled fathers and innocent starving children?" Sounds suspiciously like sob-stuff to me. I almost cried when I read it. Senator George H. Nelson, chairman of the Joint Committee on Conservation, which held the legislative hearing on the bill last winter, said something bearing on this point in the minority report, as follows: "The proponents of this bill presented facts without exaggeration and did not involve sentiment. Much of the opposition appeared to be the result of continuous propaganda and misguidance."

Reason number 9, "Because practical trapping is essential for keeping down the vermin that preys upon song birds, game and farm poultry." The humane trapping bill does not prevent practical trapping. In some sections of the country a certain type of humane trap has almost entirely taken the place of the cruel steel trap because it is more practical. (See *Fur-Fish-Game* for June, 1930, page 64). Under this bill, Massachusetts farmers and poultrymen would be permitted to use even the steel trap all around their buildings and cultivated lands, where any depredations committed by the fur-bearers would necessarily have to be done.

Reason number 10 charges fox hunters with aiding this law and criticized them for allowing their dogs "to chase the fox until exhausted, when the pack closes in and tears the living flesh from its bones." More sob-stuff. And, besides, practically all Massachusetts fox hunters hunt with the shotgun, which usually gives a merciful death. Dogs in this part of the country cannot catch unwounded foxes. Reason number 10 also says, "If the law should be enacted these fox hunters will find themselves not welcomed on the farm lands of Massachusetts." Who says so? Not the real farmers of Massachusetts. A. V. Harding of Columbus, Ohio, says so. He is editor of *Fur-Fish-Game*, the trappers' mouthpiece, and he tells Massachusetts sportsmen what our farmers will do to them if they don't oppose this bill. He has been mailing to Massachusetts newspapers the identical "Twelve Reasons" adopted by the Orange Gun Club as its creed. This talk about all farm lands being posted against hunting if this bill should pass is out-of-state propaganda, a stupid attempt to intimidate sportsmen.

Reason number 11, because of loss of revenue through trapping licenses, losses to poultry raisers and losses in game resources. Well, trappers' licenses return a revenue varying from \$10,000 to \$15,000. Just compare those figures with the total income of the Commonwealth for last year, which amounted to \$75,425,847.23, and you will see how much it would affect the tax-payer, even if the loss from trappers' licenses were to be put on to general taxation, which would not be the case. As for losses to poultry and game, no man knows what it is now or what it would be under the new law. Those losses are so relatively small that our State Department of Agriculture has never taken the trouble to get out so much as a leaflet on the subject, or even to tabulate such losses, but it maintains an elaborate service to farmers on other causes of loss such as insect pests. If the fur-bearers are trapped to extinction the losses to agriculture will be much greater than at present, because the fur-bearers are among the chief agents in the destruction of rats, field mice, moles, voles, squirrels, grubs, larvae, cutworms and a great variety of other pests, the multiplication of which would make agriculture well nigh impossible.

Reason number 12 intimates that our present trapping laws are enforced, but if this bill passes "trapping would be done to some extent by the vandal and outlaw element who care nothing for law, instead of the law-abiding trappers." Not at all. The trapping law would be much easier to enforce. All steel traps found in the woods and marshes would be confiscated. Enforcement would be simplified.

To the plain and fancy abuse of organizations and individuals interested in this movement contained in these "Twelve Reasons" adopted by the Orange Gun Club, I shall make no reply, except to say that billingsgate never yet won an election.

HOWARD NOBLE
Managing Director
The Anti-Steel-Trap League,
Massachusetts Division, Inc.

Worcester County Rod and Gun Clubs Endorse Anti-Trapping Bill

THE recent report of the special committee appointed by the League of Worcester County Rod and Gun Clubs on the so-called Anti-Steel-Trap Bill, House Bill 201, which is to be voted on at the November election, shows that the League has endorsed the Bill by a vote of seven clubs to two.

This report cites authorities of high rank to refute certain statements attributed to William C. Adams, director of the State Division of Fisheries and Game, who is hostile to the measure, and it makes the point that the most dangerous enemies to game and ground-nesting song birds are not the fur-bearers but the vast army of rodents and other pests upon which the fur-bearing animals feed. The fur-bearers, it is declared, are also among the farmer's most valuable friends, as they destroy immense numbers of field mice, moles, rats and a wide variety of grubs, larvae and insects highly injurious to agriculture. The report condemns the cruelty of present-day traps and deplores the long periods of suffering which dogs and the fur-bearing animals endure with a leg held in the vice-like jaws of the steel trap.

Direct contradiction is presented to many statements put out by the recently-organized State Council of Sportsmen's Clubs, which has been fostered by Director Adams, specifically denying the truth of the criticism attributed to him to the effect that if this bill is enacted the conservation of bird life in Massachusetts would be set back twenty years, quoting in this connection a former Worcester man, Chester A. Reed, an ornithologist of national reputation, as follows: "If I were to name the forces that work against the increase of bird life, in order of their importance, I would give them as: Man, cats, other animals, birds of prey and snakes. Of wild animals, red squirrels are by far the most destructive to young birds and eggs. Chipmunks and grays are also destructive but not nearly as active or impudent as the reds. Skunks, foxes and weasels are smaller factors in the decrease of bird life."

The report vigorously attacks another statement put out by a committee of the State Council of Sportsmen's Clubs, to the effect that if the bill becomes law all manner of traps now illegal, spring-guns, etc., would be permitted under the law. "House Bill 201 is in both form and substance an addition to the trapping law and does not attempt either to amend or repeal any law now in force," says the report. "The only way law now in force can be affected by new legislation is when the new law is necessarily inconsistent with the existing legislation. The present law already takes care of the situation outlined by the report of the committee appointed by the State Council of Sportsmen's Clubs, and we wish to call the attention of sportsmen to the fact that the following provision, among others, is already on the statute books: 'Whoever sets, places, maintains or tends a trap, commonly called a steel or jaw trap, with a spread of more than six inches or a trap with teeth jaw,

or a "stop-thief," "dead fall" or choke trap with an opening of more than six inches shall be punished by a fine of not less than twenty or more than one hundred dollars.' The proposed law (House Bill 201) can have no possible effect whatever on any existing law now limiting the use of traps."

Dealing with the economic status of the fur-bearers, in relation to game birds and poultry, the report says: "Fur-bearing animals are now reduced below the danger point. Further reduction or extermination would probably result in a tremendous increase in the farmer's worst enemies, such as rats, mice, moles, chipmunks, red squirrels, snakes, frogs, grubs, cutworms, grasshoppers, locusts, bugs and other insects which are now being destroyed by the fur-bearers. Such species of rodent and insect life are now so numerous that in many cases they constitute a real nuisance. Many of these rodents destroy much game life in the nesting and rearing season, as well as song and insectivorous birds.

It is significant, declares the report, that all the great national parks have abolished the steel trap within their confines and that all types of wild life exist there side by side, without the predatory animals wiping out the game birds and game animals.

The report brands as "incorrect" a statement given wide circulation by the State Council of Sportsmen's Clubs that South Carolina has repealed its anti-steel-trap law; it denies that any serious loss of income would be suffered by Massachusetts citizens because of the adoption of the measure, indicating that the average gross income per season of the 1,748 trappers who made returns and presumably caught all the fur taken last year was only a little over \$50; and that, as far as the farmer-trapper is concerned, the bill would be a benefit rather than a detriment, "because it will

leave him free to trap, as formerly, within fifty yards of his hen-house, shed and cultivated fields which may form an attraction to wild life, whereas the professional trapper does his trapping at a distance from human habitation."

Denial is made of the truth of a report that the proposed law is but a step to do away with all hunting, trapping and fishing, quoting Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and also of the Massachusetts Anti-Steel-Trap League, as follows: "I unqualifiedly deny any such program. The sponsors of this movement are interested in just one thing, namely, to abolish needless cruelty in trapping, insofar as that may be practically accomplished."

Commenting upon stories put out by the opposition that unless the sportsmen of the state unite to defeat the Anti-Steel-Trap Bill the farmers will post all their lands against hunting, the report says:

"It is a significant fact that the seven clubs in Worcester County which voted in favor of House Bill 201 were, with one exception, all fish and game clubs made up for the most part of men coming from rural communities, many of them farmers, and whose members reported in several instances a unanimous opinion in favor of the bill. We believe that the hue and cry about the farmer posting his land is mere propaganda by people who are using it as a club to scare timid sportsmen into opposition to this bill."

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

An Annuity Plan

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, vice-president of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation, and Philip Stockton, president of the First National Bank of Boston, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.



MINK'S FOOT GNAWED OFF AND LEFT
1,175 mink were trapped in Massachusetts last year

White Elephants

P. B. PRIOR

THOSE who often read of Siam as "the land of the white elephant," which is greatly venerated there, will be little disposed to accept the statement that Siam is nothing of the kind.

The Siamese do not, and cannot, claim that theirs is "the land of the white elephant," because in Ceylon, to the west, and Cambodia, to the east, veneration for certain elephants is as apparent as in Siam. Yet another, and very sufficient, reason for avoiding such a claim is that the "white" elephant is not white at all. The myth of the white elephant was apparently set abroad by some early Western traveler who collected information rather perfunctorily.

What the Siamese do regard as sacred, and do greatly honor, are what are known as "curious" elephants. Perhaps "freak" elephants would be a better translation of the Siamese phrase, though it savors of want of respect to his majesty the elephant. But the unusual in him has probably nothing whatever to do with his color. He may, for instance, have two extra toes on his forefeet; he may have certain peculiar markings on his body—patches of red hair perhaps. But white?—No! The nearest he ever approaches to white is a kind of dirty gray.

Whatever his peculiarity or peculiarities, however, they mark him out for extreme favors from youth. Directly a baby elephant is found with strange markings, in the north or northeast of Siam, news of the discovery is sent to Bangkok, the capitol. Experts go at once to examine the youngster, and if their report is favorable, still greater—most probably royal—experts are despatched to make final decision as to whether he is worthy of veneration and as to the degree of veneration.

In him may reside the spirit of some departed great one of the royal family. In him may even be the spirit of the Lord Buddha himself. It is not for us to inquire how these experts make a decision so momentous. The ways of experts in Siam are like the ways of experts elsewhere—they are beyond the understanding of ordinary people.

Once it is decided that the youngster is the real thing, the country is agog with excitement. He has to be taken to Bangkok, there to be royally housed in special quarters within the royal palace. The journey is in the nature of a triumphal procession. An occasion for merry-making is to the Siamese an occasion to be seized with both hands, and on it they spend lavishly. No other nation can excel the Siamese in the art of making holiday or in discovering excuses for making holiday.

The young elephant's journey to the nearest large railway center is a succession of boisterous welcomes and of gifts of choice foods. When he reaches the railway he finds a special train awaiting him, with spare engine and breakdown outfit attached. His majesty's progress must be made as smooth as possible. He travels in state with great comfort, attended by high members of court and church, and by many officials.

One member of the royal family will accompany him to, say, Chiangmai, the northern capital, and will there hand him over to a more important member with a more imposing retinue of priests and officials. When the last day's journey, from Pitsanulok to Bangkok, is entered upon, one very near to the reigning monarch—probably the heir-apparent—takes charge. Prince Purachatra of Kambaengbejra is the man who today takes final charge.

By now the youngster is probably tired of the traveling and the cheering, of feasting and having lustral water poured over him. But he has still to be welcomed by the king, and to be blessed by the highest dignitaries of the church. He has still to see a city made gay in his honor, and hundreds of thousands of people lining the streets and joyously acclaiming him as he passes.

For two days the city is *en fete*. Then he goes to his royal quarters, and the capital returns to normal. Not for him any more are the joys of freedom. The loss of his freedom is the price he pays for his extra toes or whatever proclaims him royal or even sacred. His is the bondage that sometimes attaches to royalty.

Occasionally he introduces a little excitement into his humdrum life. He goes mad for a little while, and kills his keeper—kneels on him until the victim is a shapeless and unrecognizable mass. That is the one grim privilege enjoyed by the "white" elephant, who is never nearer to white than a kind of dirty gray.

The Australian Ant-Eater

WITHOUT a doubt, one of the strangest animals in the world is the ant-eater, or, as it is more correctly called, the Echidna, which is still to be found in lonely places in Australia. Its body is covered with sharp spines and coarse hair. During the breeding season, the female lays two eggs, which she carries in her pouch until they are hatched. The young are then fed on milk from their mother until they are grown up, when they feed chiefly on "white ants." They have long bills to poke into the mounds in which the ants live, and long, sticky tongues to pick them up.

As will be seen by the accompanying picture, they are, indeed, strange looking creatures, and at a first glance one would really think they possessed two heads, but such is not the case, the lower head-like front portion of the body being in reality one of the animal's front feet, with its bristly hair attached. The narrow beak-like mouth with tiny snout at end, small eyes, and tiny ears are truly a peculiarity; while the large bushy tail sweeping the ground at the back seems almost too big for the animal in proportion to its size.

Leaving Pets at Home Alone

L. E. EUBANKS

SEVERAL years ago an acquaintance of mine lost a beloved dog through a practice that has now become very common—leaving pets at home with no means of escape in case of emergency.

The night was cold, and the gentleman was accustomed to keeping the dog in the basement on such nights. He, his wife and their daughter went to the theater, leaving the furnace, as they thought, safe.

But in some mysterious way the basement got on fire, and though a neighbor turned in the alarm, the dog was dead by the time firemen entered the basement. The man's monetary loss distressed him, of course; but it was as nothing compared to his grief and self-condemnation over the loss of his pet.

Not long ago I read of the asphyxiation of a cat that was left in a room with no exit for the animal. Presumably, the cat got upon the gas plate and one of its feet turned on the current. The mistress, when she returned, found the cat dead and the room filled with gas. An open window would have saved the animal.

Why don't we think of these things? No great problem is involved; there is nearly always some way of arranging the emergency exit; and when there is not, it is best to leave the pet outside. Sometimes a friend will keep the animal a few hours for you.

However, as P. B. Prior says in one of his excellent articles, if you are going away for a stay of days or weeks, do not leave your pet in the care of a neighbor unless you have perfect confidence in that person; for however strongly he may promise to look after it, he has his own affairs and pleasures, and may get careless.

Never leave a store of food, for any kind in summer soon grows hard or sour. Then the poor animal is left to starve, for cats in cities cannot find food, with garbage cans tightly closed, and all water inside houses. Aside from the question of food and water, both cats and dogs have an intense love of home and their owners; they have been known to die in heart-broken loneliness in a few weeks. Far better, if you have no neighbor whom you fully trust, that one member of the family stay at home to care for your pets.



AUSTRALIAN ANT-EATER

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, a supply of special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Nine new Bands of Mercy were reported during August, nearly all being in Sunday-schools. Of these, eight were in Virginia and one in Syria.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 178,498

A Letter-Writing Dog

July 11, 1930

S. S. Pierce Company,
Boston, Massachusetts

Gentlemen:

I am a small, Boston terrier puppy—and probably the most disappointed dog in Washington County, State o' Maine.

My mistress is usually a woman of her word and she promised me a generous supply of my favorite puppy biscuit for my vacation—you know a fellow gets up a rare appetite chasing about in the open, as it were. She sent her order to Mr. C. M. Gupitil before leaving town.

Well, sir, upon arrival I gave my usual attention to the unpacking—I'll admit I've a passion for investigation of boxes and such, for you never can tell when these happily careless humans will leave a cookie crumb or two about—once I even found a whole shredded wheat biscuit—there is more than a cough in a carload, I assure you—but I was game to the bitter end!

However—I digress—my mistress inviting me to stand by for eats—started to unpack our S. S. Pierce box of supplies. She unloaded a haystack of excelsior—my mouth watered—my eyes watched every move—at last, the very bottom of the box—I heard her ejaculation of horror—out came an enormous, tall box—then another—then another—she stood the ghastly things up in a row—but nothing for me. Ordinarily I am sweet tempered and peaceful—but my hackles rose at this apparent neglect of my mistress' order.

My mistress says she most certainly ordered three boxes of my special brand—and now she must write again.

Now, gentlemen, what will you do about it—I need my puppy bread—but we don't care to finance this thing ourselves. We really think it's up to you to make good—how about it? Will you square it please?

Respectfully and sadly yours,

TAG-A-LONG

Address—Miss ———,
Lubec, Maine, R.R. 2

July 14, 1930

Tag-a-long,
c/o. Miss ———,
Lubec, Maine, R.R. 2

Dear Tag-a-long:

We've been in business for the last 100 years and have had letters from all kinds



This group of children from the seventh grade of the Henry Barnard School, Hartford, Connecticut, voluntarily formed themselves into an active Band of Mercy after a delegation of ten of them had visited the Humane Society shelter in Hartford. The cut is used by courtesy of the Connecticut Humane Society.

of people (all nice of course) all over the world but you are the first puppy thoughtful enough to write to us. And we thoroughly enjoyed your letter even though it was necessary for you to find a little fault with us.

We used to have a puppy down here named "Cura." That's the last word in our Company motto—"Puritas et Cura." Cura means care and it was his job to accompany the watchman and take care of our central building. Cura took good care of the watchman and the building but he was rather careless about himself. He wandered over to the Fenway one day and we haven't seen him since. Like yourself he was a very high-class dog and someone probably kidnapped him. So watch out, Tag-a-long, and don't stray too far away from home.

Well, speaking of Cura, there was a fussy dog. While he was a puppy his diet was always puppy food and he got provoked

Now, here's what we're doing about it. Your particular brand of puppy biscuit is being sent you by special delivery, parcel post. With it we're including with our compliments a tin of Pup-E-Ration and a package of Milk-Bone puppy bread. Perhaps you'd like to try them for a little change. Dog days will soon be here and you'll want to celebrate. Hope you're not too hungry and that you'll receive your package very soon. It's being shipped today.

Sincerely yours,

S. S. PIERCE COMPANY

P. S. Please tell your mistress we're sorry for the trouble caused her but glad that it affords us the opportunity to get a letter from you.

July 16, 1930

S. S. Pierce Co.,
Boston, Massachusetts

Gentlemen:

Yesterday was a big day in this dog's life. Little can you imagine the distinction conferred upon one in these parts when the R. F. D. man leaves the main road and drives down your own private rutty one to deliver a package to you personally. And such a package! Man-o-Man—you Bostonians are the real fellows! How could that Cura dog ever have left home. Believe me—if they kidnapped me off a job like that I'd get myself lost again in a hurry, camp on the doorsteps of a newspaper and get myself advertised (in the *Transcript* if possible).

I am so relieved that my letter fell into the hands of one who understands dog psychology—my mistress said I was taking a long chance in writing because some humans haven't any foolishness in 'em and would think I was an "inmate" somewhere or ought to be!

You folks have squared yourselves with us and we most heartily thank you. Not for worlds would I nip the poor lad who made the slight error—I've made a few mistakes myself—and it makes me feel good all over to be forgiven. I usually go out and bring in a few sticks of wood and get my mistress' slippers and lug in my three balls, my rubber, old shoe, and nip-cat to show my appreciation.

Again I thank you, sirs, for your courtesy and generosity—and may you and yours live long and prosper.

Gratefully yours,

TAG-A-LONG

Lubec, Maine



when anyone tried to sneak a bit of anything else into his menu. You couldn't fool him either. He was a real epicure—had to be in order to hold his job here. If he were around I know he'd appreciate your disappointment and, perhaps, he'd take a little nip for you out of the fellow responsible for the error.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Sage of Walden Wood

A. W. SYLVESTER, M. D.

NEAR Walden Pond, mid ferns and tangled vines,
Mid gnarled old oaks and patriarchal pines,
There stood a cabin, many years ago,
The wild-wood home of Henry D. Thoreau.

Philosopher and sage, he chose this nook
That he might read from Nature's wonder-book
The secret story of the flowers and trees,
The beasts and birds, the butterflies and bees.

When first he built this sanctuary here,
The woodland creatures ran away in fear;
But soon the story spread among the clan
That their new neighbor was a harmless man.

He had no magic art, no secret charm,
But simple kindness banished all alarm.
The squirrels came to feed at his command,
And birds would perch upon his outstretched hand.

A wood-mouse lived beneath the cabin floor,
And daily came for food; and, what is more,
Perhaps to aid digestion, boldly nipped
A goodly part of Henry's manuscript.

The moral of this simple tale is clear:
That kindness is the antidote for fear.
Then spread the news abroad that all may know
And emulate the great and wise Thoreau.

Singing for the Sheep

HARRIET NELSON

DID you ever hear of a religious ceremony for white sheep, the brown ones, the red, and in fact just any old sheep?

There is only one race of people in our land that I can imagine going to such lengths literally for a mere animal, and that is the Navajo Indians of Arizona. Occasionally the flocks are attacked by a parasite of the bug family and the sheep die off by the hundreds. Their heads draw back in a sort of paralysis of the spine and there seems to be nothing to do for them.

Being of an extremely superstitious nature, the Navajo quite naturally believes the chinde (evil spirit) has cast a spell over them, so they must hasten to the medicine man and arrange for a "sing." This particular sing is a three-day ceremony.

The neighbors gather and take part in the chanting and feasting, for they do not know how soon their own herds may be bewitched. A brand new basket must be used for this ceremony and meal made from a certain color of corn. When the parasites have run their course and the rains come on they simply disappear, but the superstitious red man believes he has pacified the gods and gives all the glory and credit to the medicine man.

The Navajos depend solely upon their flocks of sheep for a living, and so they believe in singing fast and furious when once the plague strikes so close to the larder.



BAND OF MERCY BOYS WHO HAVE COME UNDER
THE INFLUENCE OF RIDA HIMADI, HUMANE
WORKER IN SYRIA

Those Who Love Her Call Her "Mercy"

ELIZABETH BARRY

THERE goes the most unique character on the island," remarked a neighbor, as a woman with a charming smile, carrying a heavy walking stick, passed the cottage which I had rented for the summer and into which I had just moved.

"Who is she, and why, unique?" I asked, curiously. My neighbor volunteered this information:

"Her real name is Eleanor, but those who love her, call her 'Mercy.' She wears her Humane Society badge with as much enthusiasm as a Sorority sister wears her pledge pin. Did you notice her cane?" I nodded. "Well," she continued, "she attempted to separate a couple of dogs on the war-path with a bucket of water and in her excitement, slipped and sprained her ankle, and—just notice this—she performed one of her charitable deeds and washed and bound the sky terrier's torn and bleeding flesh before she attended to her own injury. One of the small boys around here found a stray kitten last summer and tantalized it terribly. Mercy stole it, and the next morning took it in a covered basket to town to the Humane Society. She discovered a neglected canary and gently wheedled it from its owner. For two weeks she bathed and treated it, and the grateful little thing broke out into the most beautiful thrills.

"Suffering animals are her secret sorrow. In the fall, the kittens that were adorable, mischievous playthings, having grown into cathood, are discarded by the cottagers, and cruelly left to roam the beach and starve. Then Eleanor, self-appointed beach comber, collects and rescues the perishing by making several trips to town with her luggage which she deposits tenderly in the Humane Society Refuge."

After this story there was a minute of silence. Then, true to form, my friend Ruth expressed an original remark: "I think," she said with a twinkle, "that Saint Bernard will hold a crown in dog heaven for the savior of dumb animals."

Mr. Talbot's Work in the Camps Nearly 5,000 Individuals Reached with Animal Talks This Season

MARKED success accompanied the visits of Mr. L. Raymond Talbot, special representative of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., to the camps of boys and girls throughout New England during the summer just closed. In addition to the visits reported in our last issue, in August Mr. Talbot lectured before twenty camps in the four northern New England states, ranging in location from eastern Maine to Lake Champlain, including several in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Nearly 2,000 persons, mostly boys, were reached in these twenty audiences.

During the entire summer Mr. Talbot addressed 4,705 people in 49 different camps. Of these, 440 were girls, 125 men, and the rest boys. At nearly every camp those interested were taken on a nature walk by Mr. Talbot on the morning following his lecture, when additional information was given about animals. A few of the larger camps volunteered contributions towards the expense of the trip, but the entire service was rendered without charge at the expense of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Only the highest commendations have come to us regarding the work of Mr. Talbot, and we feel that this season in the New England camps has been one of the most profitable investments in humane education that the Society could have made.

Humane Calendar for 1931

Preparations are being made for the new Humane Calendar, similar to the ones issued during the past years by the American Humane Education Society. Full details will be given later, but Societies expecting to receive special orders, from 100 to 500 copies, with their own imprint, should correspond at once with the publishers. Prices will be the same as heretofore. Address, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

If you are a voter in Massachusetts, we beg you in the name of humanity to the defenseless to vote this autumn to abolish the steel trap. The chance to vote will appear on the ballot.

*Rejoice and men will seek you;
Grieve and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.*

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

After the Play

OLGA OWENS

*Outside the lobby doors, ablaze with light,
The trembling greyhound cars aqiver stand*

*Attuned to speed away into the night,
In answer to a silent, gloved command.*

*But always in the shadows there is left
An ancient cab, a gray head downward bent;*

*Of former silver braid and bells bereft—
Alone with memories and a shamed "FOR RENT."*

*The horse's ribs are thinly clad, but shine,
A ragged pride is in his patient eyes;
The weaving of his master's coat is fine.
And royal red the battered cushion lies.*

*O, had I choice of all the teeming street,
And could I wear but once the play star's crown,*

*I'd heap my flowers on that tattered seat,
And ride in prideful triumph through the town!*

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS Convictions in August

For authorizing and permitting unnecessary cruelty to four puppies, a defendant (woman) on a plea of guilty was sentenced to one month to the House of Correction; sentence suspended for one year.

Working a horse with sore shoulder, fine \$20.

Cruelly transporting a cow, convicted, case filed.

Permitting use of a lame horse, fine \$50, suspended for six months, defendant on probation during that time.

Driving a lame horse (no shoes), \$20 fine.

Unnecessarily failing to provide proper food and shelter for two dogs, defendant convicted, ten days to House of Correction, suspended for one year with understanding he dispose of both dogs.

Cruelly beating a cat, one month to House of Correction, suspended for one year.

Inflicting unnecessary cruelty on horse by placing collar on sore shoulders, fine \$25.

Working a horse that was unfit for labor, convicted, case filed.

Cruelly beating dog with cord-wood stick, injuring it so badly that it had to be destroyed, fine \$25.

Cruelly beating a horse, \$25 fine.

Subjecting horse to unnecessary torture (sore back), defendant was sentenced to thirty days at House of Correction.

Working horse with sore shoulders, defendant (driver) was found guilty, case filed.

Working horse with sore shoulders, defendant (owner) found guilty, fine \$25.

Niagara Falls Humane Convention Governor Roosevelt of New York and Other Distinguished Speakers Expected

PLANS for the forthcoming meeting of the American Humane Association at Hotel Niagara, Niagara Falls, N. Y., include the presence of such men as Governor Roosevelt, who is expected to be one of the speakers on the opening evening, Monday, October 6, and Mr. William J. Elliott, director, National S. P. C. C., London, England, who will speak Monday afternoon on "England's Care of Its Unfortunate Children." All day Monday and Tuesday forenoon will be given up to papers and addresses on child welfare, while all day Wednesday and Thursday forenoon will be devoted to problems of animal protection. Wednesday evening the principal address will be by the Rt. Rev. James Fielding Sweeney, bishop of Toronto, Canada. Tuesday afternoon is reserved for a trip to the Niagara Falls power plant, and on Tuesday evening the local Chamber of Commerce will give a complimentary trip to view the illumination of the Falls.

The animal sessions will open Wednesday morning with a paper by Miss Marshall Saunders, "How I Came to Write 'Beautiful Joe.'" Dr. W. A. Young of the Animal Rescue League, Boston, will discuss "The Veterinarian and the Animal Protection Problem." H. J. Koenig, chairman of special committee, will present "Efforts of American Meat Packers to Develop Improved Methods of Slaughtering," and John M. Wilson, of the Toronto Humane Society, will tell of "Animal Transportation Problems." Wednesday afternoon's program is as follows: "The Animal Clinic," Robert F. Sellar, Humane Society of Missouri, St. Louis; "Animals as Seen by the Poets," Guy Richardson, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Boston; "How to Promote a Be Kind to Animals Week Parade," J. C. Hadley, Northwestern Penn. Humane Society, Erie; and "Humane Education," Miss Frances E. Clarke, Maxwell Training School for Teachers, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The forenoon session, Thursday, October 9, is designed to give all delegates an opportunity to discuss problems of interest to themselves and there will be no prepared papers. Adjournment is expected at noon.

Our Dumb Animals

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TERMS

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Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.

Active Life	\$100 00	Associate Annual	\$5 00
Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
Active Annual	10 00	Children's	1 00

For each five dollars contributed to either Society, the giver is entitled to have two copies of *Our Dumb Animals* additional to his own, sent for one year to any persons whose addresses are mailed to us.

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



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